The Christian Century PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME VIII | CHICAGO, MAY, 1938 | NUMBER 5

Memorial Day Number

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
"Pacifism and Civilization"

JAMES A. RICHARDS
"The Futility of Armaments"

ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS
"If You Were Here to Help!"

TEUNIS E. GOUWENS
"The Pagan Challenge"

JOHN H. POWELL, JR.
"No Other Gods!"

DWIGHT C. SMITH
"A Mother's Petition"

ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT
"A Pastoral Prayer"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

CHARLES M. SHELDON
"The Minister's Greatest Problem"

Pacifism and Civilization

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I AM speaking in this sermon upon a question which I have discussed many times before. But I am going to try to make this discussion something new, and perhaps convincing, by presenting the matter in simpler terms than I have hitherto attempted. In debating pacifism and civilization, we haggle about our ideas and dispute about their meaning. Thus, in raising the question as to whether we must not fight against barbarians, we argue that a crisis of war would never come if wise and peaceful policies were followed, or that the barbarians would not be barbarians if we had treated them with justice and forbearance. But I want to avoid all these diversions and distractions, important as they are in any complete statement of the case, by presenting the simplest possible interpretation of the problem. Here is civilization, with all that is precious to us in security and freedom and enlightened culture. Here, on the other hand, is barbarism, with all that is horrible to us in tyranny and terror and persecution. Barbarism is now proposing, deliberately and wantonly, to attack civilization, and perhaps destroy it. Must we not fight against this savage enemy, to protect our own, and to save the world from death?

In answering this question, I may be pardoned for saying, in all frankness, that I don't want to concede this point unless I have to, for the reason that war is kept alive by the number of reasons and excuses and apologies we can find to justify it. If we say that we will not support a war unless it is a defensive war, or a righteous war, or a war for civilization and democracy, then we can be perfectly sure that when a war comes along, it will somehow or other prove to be this kind of war. If we say that we will not fight except against barbarism, then we will discover that when any enemy appears anywhere, he will be a barbarous and not a civilized opponent. As a matter of fact, we all know

25 Cents a Copy | Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. | Two Dollars a Year

that wars are fought for territory, and trade, and national power and imperial advantage, but the trouble is that we do not know this in the case of any particular war until after the fight is over. While the war is going on, it is invariably being fought to save mankind from some dreadful fate of savagery. I have seen a good many wars in my time, and somehow or other they were always wars against barbarians. Thus, the Spanish War of 1898 was fought to clear this Western hemisphere of the medieval barbarians who were turning Cuba and Puerto Rico into slaughterhouses. There was the Boer War of 1899, which was fought to protect the civilization of the white man against the outlanders of South Africa. There was the Filipino War, when American soldiers fought bravely for our democracy as threatened by the headhunters and cannibals of the Philippine Islands. And lastly there was the World War, which was fought against the modern Attila and his Huns. You remember how Kipling put it:

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!

THE PLAGUE OF PROPAGANDA

Now, if this was true yesterday, how much truer today, when propaganda has been made a science, or rather perhaps an art, exclusively controlled by government for its own purposes! We are made to believe today what the government wants us to believe, and if the people of any nation are willing only to fight against barbarians, then when the government wants to fight, for any reason satisfactory to itself, you may be sure that it will be barbarians who will appear upon the hostile battlefront. Is not Japan fighting against barbarians in China?—the government says so to its citizens. Was not Italy obviously fighting for civilization against the black barbarians of Abyssinia?—Mussolini had no trouble in convincing his people of such a fact. And if France, or England, or the United States went to war, or wanted to go to war, for any reason, do we not know now that this war would be represented as against barbarians either in Europe or in Asia? In this age of propaganda, there is no protection against this plague. If there is any concession in our indictment of war, any exception in our resolution not to fight, then as surely as Paris shot his arrow at the vulnerable heel of Achilles, so surely will government make its appeal at this one point where we are willing to take up arms. The causes of war today are economic. It is folly to blame them on wicked men or wicked nations. But people will not support economic wars—they will not fight for territory, and investments, and spoils. That is the reason why wars are never described now as for these purposes. But people *will* fight to defend their country from attack, or to make the world safe for democracy, or to end war forever—and that's the reason why wars today are invariably presented as an answer to the challenge of barbarians.

Yet the question remains! There were barbarians yesterday in Europe when the Germanic tribes broke the frontiers of Rome, poured over the Empire, and swept civilization into the Dark Ages. There are bar barians today in Spain, where rebel armies are over throwing their own government, destroying their ow country, and butchering their own people. There may b barbarians in the world tomorrow, when the horde of Hitler may attempt to do on the European conti nent what the legions of Mussolini have already don in Ethiopia. What shall we do in such a crisis? Mus we not fight against such overt enemies of mankind?

There are two answers to this question—or rathe two points of view from which answers may be given The one is *principle*—and the other is *expediency*. Is i right to fight against barbarians, as a matter of mora idealism; and is it prudent to fight against barbarians, a a matter of practical wisdom? Are we following th path of virtue; and are we likely to reach our goal?

FIGHTING AS A "DUTY"

The question of principle would seem to be all on th side not of the pacifist but of the militarist. Surely, w all agree to the proposition, fundamentally ethical i character, that it is our duty to fight and die for thos things which are greater than ourselves. Here is civili zation, which means not merely food, shelter and cloth ing, economic security and accumulated wealth, but ar and music and literature and religion, those fruits o the spirit which are our richest inheritance from th past. Civilization means our churches and our right t worship God, our states and the freedom that makes u men, our homes and the sweet companionship of wome and children. If it is not our duty to fight for these then what is duty? If it is not right to lay down ou lives in defense of such handiwork of the human soul then where does right end and wrong begin? Upon wha principle of truth and honor could we justify our lives if we saw such things destroyed, and lived to tell th tale? Would we not be shamefully deserving of th fate of Crillon, when his indignant king thundered hi rebuke—"Go hang yourself, Crillon. We fought a Arques, and you were not there."

So it would seem—that right is all on the side of th man who would fight against barbarians, and if needs b die to destroy them—until we meet the objection, s fundamental to the whole case, that war is a matte not of dying but of killing. It is a part of the incurabl sentimentality of the battlefield that men go to war t lay down their lives in defense of their country or thei cause. They do nothing of the sort! They go not t die, but to make somebody else die. There is the risk of course, when men go to war, of losing their lives, jus as there is the risk of losing their lives when men fl in an airplane or ride in an automobile. But nobod goes to war, any more than to the airplane or the auto mobile, with the intention or purpose of dying. In th one case as in the other, the hazard of death is incidenta and not essential, a thing to be avoided and never de sired, least of all sought. What the soldier enlists for is conscripted for, is to kill; he is taught to kill, trained to kill, commanded to kill. The question involved therefore, in this problem of fighting barbarians, is no the question as to whether it is right to die for the caus you have at heart, but rather the question as to whethe

it is right to kill for the cause you have at heart. You may have a right to die yourself, but have you a right to make other people, and many of them innocent people, die?

The pacifist has no doubts upon this question. He thinks it right to die for the protection and preservation of the moral values of the race. He would respectfully beg to point out that men may die, and have died, for this good cause not on the battlefield but on the scaffold, the gibbet and the cross. Jesus died more completely and more heroically for civilization as against barbarism than any other man in human history. But he did not, and would not, kill. When, at the critical moment of his life, the impulsive Peter drew his sword

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

in defense of his Master and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, Jesus rebuked him, and bade him put up his sword into its place. This is the point—the distinction between dying and *killing!* It is wrong to kill, wrong to kill for any cause or to any end. There are those who believe that it is right, or at least excusable, to kill for certain causes and to certain ends. But the pacifist contends that there is not a vestige of moral support for such a claim. In every code, in all scriptures, in the laws and customs of the ages, it is proclaimed, "Thou shalt not kill!" Upon this principle, unrevised and unreserved, the pacifist takes his stand.

WAR AND HONOR

In a book by the distinguished English novelist and poet, A. A. Milne, called *Peace With Honor,* there is a striking passage bearing upon this question of moral principle. Says Mr. Milne:

> I am against war. By this I mean that I think war wrong: as I think cruelty to children is wrong; as I think slavery and the burning of heretics wrong; as I think the exploitation of the poor wrong, and the corruption of the innocent. . . . The Prime Minister and Sir John Simon think that modern war is disastrous; I think that war is wrong. The Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury think that modern war is horrible; I think that war is wrong. Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere think that modern war puts too great a burden on the taxpayer; I think that war is wrong. It is the ultimate expression of man's wickedness.

With this statement of principle, the pacifist submits his case. If war is wrong, as he believes it is, then he will have nothing to do with it, whatever the practical arguments in its favor. An injury to the moral integrity of the universe and of the soul cannot be counterbalanced by any temporary material advantage in the world of men. But it must be remembered that the non-pacifist, or militarist, is a man preeminently moved by pragmatic considerations. He is interested not in ideals but in results. Show him that something is to be gained, however accidentally and temporarily, by any certain line of conduct, and he will adopt this policy, whatever its violation of the moral law. We are living in an age of practicality. Therefore must we pass on to the second aspect of our question, which has to do with the problem as to whether it is expedient, from the standpoint of what we actually hope to accomplish, to take up arms against barbarians.

WHEN IS A WAR WORTH WAGING?

I propose to answer this question by asking a more direct and simple question, beautifully suggested by Sir Bertrand Russell in his latest book, published in England but not yet here, entitled, *Which Way to Peace?* What conditions must a war fulfill, if, practically speaking, it is to be worth waging? We are dealing now not with ideals, please remember, but with results. What results then must we accomplish, in this modern age, to justify a war? To this inquiry, I make three replies:

(1) The first result we must accomplish in a justifiable war is victory. There must be a considerable likelihood of winning the war against the barbarians. Any statesman would be regarded as mad who took his country into a war which it was bound to lose. If you are going to be beaten, then, from the pragmatic point of view, it is better to submit. To do otherwise is to betray that very practicality which we are now considering.

The test of this assertion is to be found in the fact that, in the present situation in Europe, nobody expects Holland, or Denmark, or Scandinavia, to take up arms against the Fascist menace. These countries enjoy the same heritage of civilization that we enjoy. Their democracy and culture are as precious to them as our democracy and culture are to us, and more terribly endangered by the present crisis. But nobody expects them to fight, or even to prepare to fight. In their very refusal to fight, or inability to fight, there seems to be a certain security which is not enjoyed by the great powers of the continent. At any rate, the business of battling

the barbarian is limited to those powers which may enter the fight without suicidal results. Such are the first principles of pragmatism!

But if victory is the first condition to be met in any war that is to be waged against barbarians, then we must make sure of victory. As practical men, or nations, we cannot afford to take any risks about this matter. Which means that we must meet the barbarians on their own level, and prepare ourselves for the fight on the basis of their own preparation! For the barbarians, just because they are barbarians, will arm themselves with every known instrument of offense. They will adopt the most horrible and devastating weapons of destruction to accomplish their aims of conquest. They will fill the air with vast squadrons of bombing-planes to destroy the cities of their enemies and the hapless humans living therein. They will enslave their people to the building of war machines as the Pharaohs enslaved their bondsmen to the building of pyramids. They will tax the people and rob them and exploit them of their last penny for the arming of the state. They will give them submarines in place of butter, machine-guns in place of bread, poisoned gas in place of milk. And what they do, *we* must do. We must keep their pace, match their arms, parallel their preparations. For we cannot be outdone, lest we forfeit the victory which can alone justify the war we are to fight. Which means that the very civilization which we are preparing to defend against barbarism is being made over into the likeness of barbarism in the very process of preparation!

What is so terrible in Europe today, for example, as the spectacle of the vast race of armaments under the stimulus of German and Italian competition! What can be more ghastly than the sight of free, democratic peoples chaining themselves to the chariot of war in imitation of the slave populations of the Fascist countries! Armies and bigger armies, navies and larger navies, flying machines and myriads of more flying machines, freedom bound and culture starved, all to pile up arms! Look at Britain appropriating at one lump more than $7,000,000,000 to match Hitler in covering the sea with ships and darkening the firmament with airplanes! What we see in Europe today is a whole civilization breathlessly transforming itself into barbarism, in order to save itself from barbarism. A few more years, and it will be impossible to tell the free countries from the Fascist countries. Only the little countries, which will not fight against barbarism, will retain the laws and customs of democracy, and the last vestige of civilization in this modern age. Which means that, in the mere anticipation of war, without firing a gun or dropping a bomb, the victory of Fascism will be complete!

VICTORY THAT IS DEFEAT

(2) The second condition of a justifiable war, from the practical standpoint, is victory of such a character as to make worth while the incalculable devastation and death which a modern conflict of arms will bring not only upon the enemy country, but upon our own—indeed, upon all our civilization, since the next war against barbarians will be a universal war. Bertrand Russell has an interesting comment to make upon this problem. He marks a sharp distinction here between former wars, even wars as late as the opening of our century, and contemporary wars. He says that there was a time when we could fight wars with good reason against barbarians, since the havoc wrought by such wars in the structure of society was insignificant. But this is no longer true today. "War," he says, "has changed its character, and a warlike policy is much more difficult to justify now than at any former time." Modern war turns cities, countries, vast areas of territory, into an ash heap and a shambles. If you take up arms today for any purpose, you must contemplate air raids upon the enemy country, especially upon their capitals and industrial centers, wiping out ten, twenty, fifty per cent of the populations —men, women and children, as innocent as the noncombatants of our own country—in one vast welter of blood. You must deliberately plan to pour down gas and fire upon terrified humans, and upon babies too young and old folk too feeble to protect themselves with masks. You must count upon destroying universities and churches and hospitals and museums and libraries and art works, all that make civilization recognizable as a civilization. And you must reckon that what you do to the barbarians' country, the barbarians in turn will do, perhaps more savagely, to your country—blasting its cities, poisoning its countrysides, massacreing its people, making the whole nation one battlefield of blood and ashes.

CAN ANY WAR END WAR?

Is this defending civilization against barbarism, or is it joining the barbarians in destroying civilization? Are the Loyalists in Spain, for all their heroism, saving their country, or are they partners with the Rebels in bringing it to ruin? Mr. Bertrand Russell raises the question as to whether we should sit still and let the Spanish popular front be overwhelmed. "I confess," he writes, "that the old Adam within me boils with rage at the thought of what may happen if we sit still." But this matter, he continues, "is too serious to be left to the judgment of the old Adam." He calls on reason to displace emotion, and decides against intervention. "All this destruction," he says, "with all that it entails in the way of terror, madness and anarchy, you must think worth while if you are to support a war." Mr. Russell does not think it worth while—nor, in all humility, do I. This is the way not to save civilization but to destroy it. If the barbarians come, says Mr. Russell, with somber dignity, "we should have to yield without fighting. . . . The consequences, both to ourselves and to the world, would be infinitely less terrible than the consequences of a war, even if it ended in complete victory."

(3) This brings me to the third and last condition of a justifiable war from the practical point of view. Mr. Russell names this condition in his book as the climax of his argument against war in the modern world. You must be sure, he says, that the cause you fight for will be secured by victory. If you go to war to abolish militarism, and you win, then militarism must be abolished. If you go to war to end war, then, if victory is yours, war must end. If you take up arms to make the world

safe for democracy, then, when you lay down your arms with laurels crowned, democracy must be secure. If you fight against barbarians to protect civilization, then, when the barbarians are conquered, you must have a world blessed with the freedom, enlightenment and good will which are the marks of civilization. We went to war a generation ago, let me remind you, to accomplish just these aims which I have been enumerating. War was less destructive then than it is now, democracy was infinitely stronger, civilization incredibly more secure. Every chance in that struggle was in our favor. Yet which of all our purposes was fulfilled? Which of all our causes was not lost? And if we go to war today, with weaker democracies and mightier barbarisms, what prospect is there that we can achieve anything more or better than we did then? We would simply encounter a worse disaster, with civilization finally gone.

Mr. Russell imagines in his book a war breaking out between Great Britain and Germany—between civilization as we recognize it and barbarism as we fear it. Describing the magnitude of the forces released, the peril of destruction, and the difficulty of conducting operations, he surmises that the war "would necessarily begin [on the English side] with a military despotism." At the start there would be established "an iron tyranny"; if this were "not done at once by the civil government, it [would] be done within a few days by the military authorities." Even if this were not true, he says, the example even of the last relatively simple and harmless war would indicate "that a military government must be the ultimate outcome" of the struggle. "The end of all the death and destruction," even if the English won, would only "be the substitution of an English Hitler for the German one," and Mr. Russell doubts if this would be "worth all the trouble." If this forecast is correct, if this is what a war against barbarism would really achieve—and who can doubt it?—then, says Mr. Russell, as his final word, "a desire for war on the part of Hitler or Mussolini is logical, since, even if they themselves perish, the kind of social organization that they admire is likely to spread throughout Europe. But for those who dislike this outlook"—that is, those who fear barbarism in conflict with civilization—"it is useless to regard war as a means of defeating it."

SHALL WE FIGHT AGAINST BARBARIANS?

Such is my answer to the question as to whether, from the point of view of expediency, we should fight against barbarians. All of the three conditions justifying such a course defeat their own aims and thus undo their own purposes. I can best sum up my conclusion by quoting the sensational words of Bertrand Russell as set down at the end of a book in which, without any abstract pacifist ideals at all, he surveys the situation we have come to in the modern world. Granting every concession to the other side, "nevertheless," he writes, "I find my reason convinced, however instinct may protest, that war, as it has now become, is not a method by which any good thing can be preserved." War, in other words, has become self-destructive. By resorting to this weapon, we destroy what we would save. Which means that expediency strangely confirms morality! The refusal to fight on principle is justified by practicality. The case against war is complete.

When the Goths sacked Rome, St. Augustine wrote his "City of God." In this immortal work, the Christian bishop, writing while the barbarians were hammering at the gates, declared that "war's aim is nothing but glorious peace. What is victory," he said, "but a suppression of resistants, which, being done, peace follows? So that peace is war's purpose, the scope of all military discipline, and the limit at which all just contentions level." But—this peace never comes! Reviewing the awful story of the wars of Rome, Augustine described how, when they were done, "the conquerors were ever more like to the conquered than otherwise." But there is a better way!—"the true peace where no man suffers anything which may molest him, . . . the order wherof is, first, to do no man hurt, and, secondly, to help all that he can, . . . ruling not in proud sovereignty, but in nourishing pity." This is the peace not of Rome, but of the City of God. And when this comes, "how great shall that felicity be, where there shall be no evil thing, and no good thing shall lie hidden."

The Futility of Armaments

By James A. Richards

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Matthew 26:52.

FOR better or for worse it is not the habit of this pulpit to go to the newspapers for sermons. Today, however, reference is to be made to a seventeen line item that last week appeared buried in one of the inner pages of a newspaper. Since reading it the fire has burned and something of that fire, or at least of its smoke, must be brought here. The report was of what a rear admiral of the United States Navy had been saying before a clerical gathering in New York City. Let the admiral remain nameless. Interest in his utterance does not arise from the fact that it was said by one person rather than by another. Instead it arises from the fact that he was expressing an attitude that is fairly common.

Moreover, an early association with many high in the ranks of the United States Navy showed me that most of them are excellent, high-minded and patriotic gentlemen. Their right, even their duty, to say what they think should always be defended. Nor does interest in this utterance derive merely from the fact that it was addressed to ministers, but rather from the fact that ministers do to a degree typify the American religious attitude.

What did this admiral say? He appealed for the administration's armament program "at a time when the God of battle is with the strong." He denounced clerical "interference" with the government. He warned that abroad such interference has caused the abolition

or curtailment of religious freedom and might do the same thing here. He proclaimed ministerial duty to help mold public opinion for preparedness "not for the sake of war but for the sake of peace."

This is interesting. It is interesting just as the bubbles first arising in a pot of water upon the fire are interesting. They are prophetic of the tumultuous boiling that is soon to follow unless the fire is turned off. Some of us have been expecting to hear a voice like this. Some are expecting to hear much more of this voice, unless the fire is turned off. Some of us feel that the discussion of this official voice directed toward the ministry may as well begin now.

ARMAMENTS AND NATIONAL STRENGTH

Still believing in the entire sincerity of the admiral, still asserting his right to say what he wants to say as something that must be defended to the last, the first observation to be made is that his utterance is as full of questionable assumptions as it could well be, is as fine an example of wholesale question begging as one could find to put in one's museum.

We are told that the administration's armament program will make America strong. I challenge that. Pass by the question whether the battleships can be built in time to have anything to do with the perils that now surround us. Pass by the question whether when built they will represent any kind of naval equipment of any conceivable use to us unless we are going to plunge into the folly of trying to build an empire like that of Britain or are trying to enter into some very distant war. Pass by the question whether this defense, of which we hear as the sole justification of armament, could not be obtained much more cheaply and swiftly and completely by airplanes, submarines and small agile destroyers. Pass by the question whether one-quarter of the expenditure spent for the building of peace would not do four times the good. Pass all these by, and then it is enough to ask whether arms by their native capacity can ever make us strong. So-called military strength is always relative. Already we are beginning to hear of other governments setting out to match our expansion. So when all is over we shall be in much the same position. Indeed the whole world and we as a part of it shall be in greater peril—to say nothing of greater poverty. As a patriot longing with all my heart to have my country and the country of my children safe, I have to challenge the assumption that armament can ever make it what I want.

'THE GOD OF BATTLE'

We are told that in this time the God of battle is with the strong. I don't understand that. I don't know what a man means when he talks about the God of battle. Nothing that I know about battle suggests God. Everything that I know about battle suggests Satan. Moreover the God that I think I know is not on the side of the strong because they are strong. He is on the side of the right whether they be strong or weak. His mills may grind slowly but they always grind out this way. It is of the very substance of religion as I know it that right does make might and that nothing else ever makes might. To believe anything else is to throw history away. To believe anything else is to turn one's back on the cross of Jesus Christ. To talk about the God of battle being on the side of the strong is the essence of irreligion. It is blasphemy, and blasphemy not the less real and dangerous because it is unwitting.

We are warned against clerical interference with government. What in the world is our admiral talking about? He recalls the lad who asked his elders for definitions of the difficult orthodoxy and heterodoxy and got the very wise reply, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." Interference! That is not what our admiral does not like! What he does not like is honest opinion different from his own. If all the ministers of the land were busy whooping up armament he would wear out both his arms slapping them on the back. It seems to me that once upon a time I heard it said that we live in a democracy, that the government down at Washington is my government, that I have a responsibility for everything it does, that it is my duty to say what I honestly think just as it is your duty to do that and the duty of everyone who has the inestimable privilege of being an American citizen to do that. I am not yet ready to say that my ordination into the Christian ministry destroyed my citizenship! Somewhere I have heard it said that the well-being of my country depends on nothing more than the free expression of the honest thought of every citizen, and I am fool enough to believe that, and I ask strength to stand by my belief no matter into how small a minority it may lead me. If that is to be called interference I shall have to plead guilty, but my name for that is essential American patriotism.

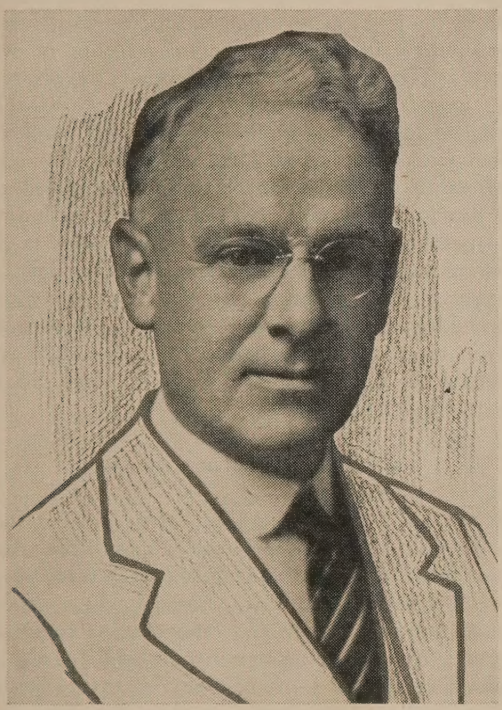
'CLERICAL INTERFERENCE'

We are warned that this "interference" may destroy or curtail religious liberty with us as it has done abroad. That is amusing. It really is. That is an invitation to religion to give up freedom in order to be free. It sounds like the grim joke of a bandit who might tell me to hand over my purse and go my way rich—because if I don't hand it over he will take it from me anyway and send me on my way poor. Many bandits are said to be morons, but they can hardly be moronic enough to descend to humor so thin as that. This is a high officer in the service of the United States saying to religion: "You have got to obey men rather than God anyway, so you might as well be nice about it." The answer is, "We'll see." Martin Luther heard a voice like that and he answered, "We'll see." Martin Niemöller is hearing a voice like that in Germany today, but he is answering, "We'll see." Jesus once heard a voice much like that, and his answer was, "We'll see." The spirit of God is not bound. If religious freedom has to go down, it had better go down with flags flying and bands playing than reach out its hands to make it convenient to shackle them. The invitation of the admiral is not attractive.

It is proclaimed the duty of ministers (and here of course what is meant is both the church and religion) to mold public opinion in support of the armament program not for the sake of war but for the sake of peace. Of

course, it is nothing of the kind, for the simple reason that preparedness does not prepare, for by its inherent nature it moves us not toward peace but toward war and makes our country a leader in moving the world not toward peace but toward war.

It may be that all this will be clearer if we ask a question that to my puzzled surprise I have never heard asked. It so happens that my sympathy in the Oriental war of the hour is more on one side than it is upon the other. In spite of the fact that we really don't know much about it, in spite of the fact that the sources of information are being poisoned, in spite of the fact that propaganda mills are working again, the mere fact that



JAMES A. RICHARDS

war is being prosecuted in one country rather than in another, that one country rather than another is being destroyed, determines where our sympathies lie, even while I remember that the way an imperialistic government is acting does nothing to damn its citizens or make them any less lovable.

Still I wonder why we have not asked the question, what would have happened if China had not fought? Would the total prospect for life on this planet have been better or worse than it now is? Would the hope for speedy reconciliation and cooperation between the Eastern powers be more bright or more dim? Would China herself be losing more or less than she is now doing? Why is it that among all the questions about the war, we seem to have forgotten to ask the question of war itself? That is not a good sign. If we do ask these questions their answers are likely to help us to clearer heads if we wish to think about what the admiral said in New York.

For instance, we may see more clearly the truth that Mr. Peffer brought to the peace conference recently held in Oberlin College. It is something that I have long wanted to hear said in just the masterly and authoritative way he said it. It is that for us to go the war path is for us to travel away from Americanism.

ENTER WAR, EXIT RELIGION

The moment we declare war, whether we declare it by an act of Congress or the more modern method of simply beginning it, and even although that declaration be against a totalitarian fascist state, we ourselves at once become a totalitarian fascist state, all completely regimented, our valued freedom gone, the voice of the people stilled, liberty and religion both deserted. For us to go to war against the totalitarian fascist conception of the state is to become the very thing we say we are going to war against. We are defeated the moment we start. Indeed—and I thank the admiral for making this clear—we are defeated before we start, for the burden of his address was simply this: that we cannot even prepare for war unless first American freedom and the religion of Jesus Christ are abandoned. Here at least Sinclair Lewis was right—"It can happen here." We don't have to wait to get into war, much less do we have to wait to experience the aftermath of war, to learn that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." I love my country too much to wish to see it so defeated.

There is one way to peace and only one. It does not lie along the path of expanding armament; it lies along the path of courageous, intelligent and even romantic international good will that lives not as a soporific sentiment, but as courageous, intelligent, even romantic deeds. I do not see quite eye to eye with E. Stanley Jones in his attitude about the economic boycott, but I thank him for having enlarged my catalogue of what these deeds would be.

SOME EXCELLENT 'RENUNCIATIONS'

There would be the removal of the gratuitous insult that our Congress has paid Japan through the Exclusion Act. Put Japan on the same basis as other lands, and it would mean our accepting only 250 Orientals a year. There could be nothing very dangerous or heroic in that. It would only mean that each 480,000 American citizens would have one Oriental to Americanize. I feel that even I might Americanize one 480,000th of an Oriental. There is our renunciation of extraterritoriality such as we would never allow another government to have against us, and the offer to withdraw all troops and boats in Oriental lands and waters and to renounce all concessions of rights and territories now existing in the Orient that we would not allow to exist if the conditions were reversed. There is the sympathetic listening to the governments which say they need territory for the expansion of their peoples and the fraternal joining in the search for such territory if the facts prove to be what they say they are. There is the constructive effort for the better sharing of the raw materials which God has given the world—not to plunge it into blood but to bless its people all alike. There is the abandonment of every kind of international and interracial exploitation and the

substitution for it of active cooperation in the aspirations of every people for fuller, freer, finer life. Don't waste time telling me these things would be expensive. That is what makes them an expression of good will—courageous, intelligent, romantic.

But remember that the expense of all these together and of all you can add to them would not equal the expense of one single war in money, in men and in the breeding of enduring hatred, or equal the expense of preparation for such a war.

"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Only they who take the way of the Kingdom may serve and live.

If You Were Here to Help!

By Allan Knight Chalmers

And I sought a man among them, that should build up the wall, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none. Ezekiel 22:30.

And he saw that there was no man, and wondered. Isaiah 59:16.

IT is out of a sense of life's desperation that our text is spoken. It is a combination from two prophets about one mood of life. A mood Markham gave to us in "The Man With the Hoe"—"How will we ever straighten up this shape?" A mood the psalmist has often voiced and men of God have constantly cried—"How long, O Lord, how long?"

The war which my generation of young men fought divides my life in half. I was twenty when I sailed for France to make the world safe for decency. . . .

This is not to be a sermon on war. Rather it is to look for a part of the time at that experience which is the matrix of so much of the thoughts, words and deeds of the modern world; and then to look on ahead to see what wisdom about life we have learned and what resources we have to make that wisdom effective. Remember the words of Ecclesiastes on this: "Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good."

THE WAR YEARS IN RETROSPECT

Let's take our backward look first. There is a lost feeling upon the lives of men of my experience of service in the front lines because of the impossibility of sharing what it meant. It is only because we believe that the disciplined imagination of those interested in religion can leap the gap lack of this experience makes between us, that some of us even try to let you know what it is like to feel the strange sense of demonic possession which compels men to divide and perish in the tortured hills of a peaceful countryside.

My generation does not want to feel detached from other men. Some of us consciously set ourselves against the notion that we are forever different; and years do set in better proportion the sharpness of the sense of horror at life protected only by barriers of bloody mud. There is a sense of stain which touches us with the madness of Lady Macbeth, stifled with the smell on bloody hands, which the perfumes of Arabia could not waft away. Our sanity is retained only by the knowledge of truth in that word the doctor says as he watches her turmoil of soul. "God forgive us all," he says. Not "God forgive her," but "God forgive us all." On no one man or nation does it rest, but a common guilt it is touching us all and resting most heavily on those who saw or had a chance to see the wisdom of God, and failed him.

The eye-covering horror should fade lest we lose our senses in the physical revulsion at life; but as it fades a more subtle stain appears. There is a feeling of being violated. The helpless feeling of beauty ravished; of being wooed with soft and sentimental words about honor and liberty and fundamental decency; and then bruised with this ruthless hand civilization has segregated into a pseudo-respectability, this segregated red-light district of the soul. No man, if he were himself, could possibly think of doing the things which in that corporate madness he is expected to do as his duty. In the name of God parents were said to have placed their own children in the red hot iron lap of the god Moloch; in the name of the nation we make bright with hot blood the muddy altar of the god Mars. In the name of all decency, why?

VICTIMS OF THE WAR MADNESS

If you could feel this aching horror as of a thing seen, it would help. When I read to two of the groups here at the church that moving play, *Bury the Dead,* the tale of six dead men who stood up in a shallow common grave in France and refused to be buried because they had something to tell the world, I could put a name to every type described. I could see that shallow common grave. There were—not six but nine—nine of my own friends placed in the one I see now, on that hillside near Belrupt. But I shall not speak of them now.

Recht, they could not bury; they could not find enough of him to make it sensible after the shell hit him. Czerny—how that boy could play soccer! And DuVergne, I shall not forget his shy eyes as in that incongruous life we lived he showed me *her* picture and watched to be sure my eyes were clean as I looked on her. Not of these must I speak. Nor shall I try to tell you about that boy, fiancé of one of my sister's friends, who went down in that last stupid mad firing of guns timed to send their last shells over the lines to land at exactly eleven o'clock of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. In the last five minutes, he was killed. All this you ought to know already about that madness which we entered some twenty years ago.

But that is just background of experience. The more vital thing to discover is what it did. Because even out of evil men can catch the knowledge of the truth. A boy who had sunk so low that the leavings of pigs was his highest craving could feel the remembered fact of a

father's love and strangely begin to understand the wonder of it. Out of tragedy Isaiah knew God's holiness, and out of personal suffering both Job and Hosea found the wisdom to see God.

WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED?

The question we face after a score of years is—did we learn anything? Did we find out something which makes it, after these years, worth while to have made so ghastly a mistake? Do we know something which makes it worth while for us to go on?

Is Noel Coward's answer the only one? In his *Post Mortem* he has the shell-kissed boy come back to the world we have now. "I came back to find out something," he says to his mother.

"There's nothing—nothing worth finding out," she says bitterly as she looks up from her game of solitaire which she has made "come out" only by "cheating."

"Listen, Mum," says the boy, still the idealist that went out to make the world safe for decency, "you understand really. It's just because you're tired that you're finding it hard to be brave. I felt like that often enough in the Line: the effort to be made seems too big for one's strength, immense and frightening, but it isn't too big actually once you start. You must steel your heart, darling, and let me go. I know about war—a bitter and cruel knowledge, horror upon horror, stretched far beyond the breaking point. The few moments of gallant beauty there are not enough measured against the hideous ages of suffering! I know about war! Now, I must know about Peace; I must know whether by losing so much we have gained anything at all, or whether it was just blind futility like Perry said it was. I must know whether the ones who came home have slipped back into the old illusions and are rotting there, smug in false security, blotting out memory with the flimsy mysticism of their threadbare Christian legend, or whether they've had the courage to remember clearly and strike out for something new—something different! I must know for myself; it's the urge inside me that's carved this brief moment out of Time. You do understand, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, I understand too well."

And the play goes on to that realistic ending where John tells his mother that he isn't going to stay in this world after all. "Tell me something," she says. "Could you . . . could you have stayed if things had been worth it?"

"I don't know," he says slowly. "I think so."

"You're going willingly?"

"Yes."

What a tragic monosyllable!

TOO GREAT A COST?

Shall Countee Cullen's lines be the answer to the wider experience of these days, as out of that *Shroud of Color,* the living death civilization has wound around him, he says, with bitter despair:

> I who considered man a high-perfected
> Glass where loveliness could lie reflected,
> Now that I sway athwart Truth's deep abyss,
> Denuding man for what he was and is,
> Am I content, each new-born day, to see
> The steaming crimson vintage of my youth
> Incarnadine the altar-slab of Truth?
> Too great a cost this birth entails.
> It is not worth the bearing it, just to be man.

Twenty years after, the world asks, "Have you learned anything?"

Dully so many of my generation reply, "I have found nothing worth giving my life to."

These are the greater casualties of the war: not the dead who lie in the shallow holes of France's northern hills; but the dead, unburied, who walk the earth—

ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS

without hope or faith or care for anything. All feeling gone, all holy passion spent.

The war took the cream of the world's life. It poured it on faster than the earth could take it. By that lavish act it flushed out of the dirt something men now knew, or felt they knew, was not distinct from other life but was a part of the nature of life, different only because it was in sharp relief—like distilled poison. Like lemonade, life had seemed, as it went smoothly down, pleasant to the taste. Like citric acid, poisonous to life, existence seemed when war had made that concentrate of life's contrasts to be seen.

The smelting fires took the best we had and left so little gold at the end that across the mind of the world it left a scar, across the memory of man a smudge. A young married woman of fine vision said it this way to me: "Why should I bring children into such a world?" A man standing behind me watching the St. Patrick's Day parade said it for the man on the street, with that unconscious ability the common man has to reveal life's greatest tragedies with a casual phrase. As we watched

the boys dressed in their bright colored green uniforms march by, he calmly said: "They'll all see service."

Those kids! Those little boys! Are we never going to learn?

THE LIVING DEAD

This brings us to the present. As we stand here remembering the high idealism, the holy passion which burned hot and fierce in the hearts and minds of so many of my age; as we look at what the world needs—what it could be—and we look at the resources of men and minds to do it—the cry wells up: "If you were here to help! Oh, if only you were here!"

Life needs the undismayed. And we have so few of them. There were those, twenty years ago, touched with that sense of idealism, who might have developed by now the wisdom of forty years, when life begins. But a casual fragment of steel, scientifically made to fracture into jagged pieces, to claw after the flesh of boys, took many that I knew who are lost to the forces of idealism. You have to have a body to affect this world—and they have none. If only *they* were here to help!

There were others, twenty years ago, who might have stood at forty when life could have taught them wisdom—who died twenty years ago, as far as real life is. They move about the earth, it's true, but no longer set their lives at hazard for an ideal. They are so wise—so worldly-wise. They make me cry. They sit on the boards of churches. They plan the ways of business. They set the thought patterns of the time. They have lost the passion of perfection. They might have done it . . . these who are forty now. They might have learned some wisdom for this.

But something died in them. They think I'm mad. Touched in the head—unrealistic and visionary because I want them to use life while they have it. But they have chosen to live life with full reserve and much delay.

I'm not blaming war. It is only a dramatic evidence of life's greater tragedies. I'm trying to help you to see that the world is waiting for those who might be.

JOBS TO BE DONE—BUT BY WHOM?

We can see this spiritual need more clearly by looking at some physical facts we know—the field of disease in the body.

Someone is going to cure cancer, for example—some day. We do not doubt that. But who? Joseph Goldberg, a little Jewish boy out of New York's East Side heard a lecture in a boys' club by a doctor—decided to be one. In 1914, as the world went to war, Goldberger started after an unknown disease which was causing ghastly deaths in the south. We went into the war, but Goldberger continued working on pellagra. We ended the war, and Goldberger was still working on his disease. In 1924, in May, he finished his job. He had conquered that death men had called "the hidden hunger." Once while blood was being wasted in France, Goldberger had shot into his own bloodstream a transfusion of blood from a dying patient, to test a theory. Twice he had swallowed a drink culture made of the diseased pus from a patient to test another theory. Risking his life again and again, he took ten years and did his job. As I came to New York to be your minister, he died—worn out, used up, because he had seen something which needed to be done which would not let him rest. Where is the Goldberger to conquer the so far unconquered diseases of the body and the body politic?

Anatole France has a striking short story about a village doctor who wrongly treated the boy of a peasant and the boy died. He was a strange child—a mind brilliant in mathematics for some incomprehensible reason. The doctor was momentarily sorry but shrugged his shoulders and went on. "I fortified myself," he said, "as a professional duty, in the habit of confronting grievous situations unemotionally."

A year later the doctor was visiting a friend in the city, and saw on his mantelpiece a miniature of a boy of twelve. The doctor was startled to observe that the portrait was so like little Eloi who had died.

"Ah, yes," his friend said, noticing his interest in the miniature. "That child of twelve grew up to be the great Ampère." Ampère, as you may know, was, 250 years ago, the great French electrician whose genius made a great deal of our modern electrical knowledge possible.

The last sentence of the story is in the doctor's diary: "Then in a flash I had an exact perception of what death had swept away a year ago."

Our impossible jobs are going to be done. But by whom?

THIS IS OUR FAITH

Wilberforce, haunted by his knowledge of the meaning of Negro slavery, worked twenty years to accomplish his purpose of ridding the British Empire of legal human bondage. Where is the Wilberforce who will today have the utter nerve to fuse into the life we live that which will thrust out by the expulsive power of a new affection the unanswerable inertia of men's emotions which is holding back, justice first of all, and respect as human beings most of all, from millions of the sons of God?

These things we deplore will some day be gone. This is our faith; the only justification for our use of so much energy in the church; and the essential condition of any proper worship of God. Someone will do it some day. But who?

As twenty years after, I look twenty years ahead—with the realization that those twenty years are all a man can expect as the testing of any values his generation can give to the world; willing myself to set my life as implacably as strength is given to me against a world which denies or doubts this our common faith—I send out the call in eager longing to those with whom I walk this earth. "If only you were here to help!"

There are so many gaps in the wall. The voice of God comes down to us through the ages again: "I sought a man among them, that should build up the wall and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none. And seeing no man I was troubled."

This text, this question, we needed for our thought. But beyond the text which naturally has colored our

mood of inquiry at this serious anniversary there come the words of God to Jeremiah: "Go and seek in the gates of the city and in the broad ways thereof and see if you can find a man, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth; and I will save it."

And because we are undismayed we go on in a world anemic because its bloodstream has been thinned of its life-giving hope, to proclaim our faith that this way of Christ is worth living for—and worth dying for.

May God give us strength to hold on until others believe it too.

The Pagan Challenge

By Teunis E. Gouwens

A sound of battle is in the land. Jeremiah 50:22.

PAGANISM was rampant in the time of Jeremiah. Not only did it dominate Babylonia, Assyria and Egypt; it was making alarming inroads on the life of Israel. Licentiousness, dishonesty, impiety and civil and religious corruption were rife. With all the anguish of a great human heart and with all the courage of a man sent from God, Jeremiah tried to stem the tide of iniquity, but without avail. Perverseness continued, and finally the predicted doom fell. Israel was taken by Babylon.

To Babylon, no doubt, it seemed like a triumph. In a conflict between two nations, the stronger had won. But this was only an episode. It was not an ultimate victory for Babylon. It was not a vindication of heathenism. It was a step in the discipline of God's people. The real conflict was not between Israel and Babylon. The real conflict was between God and paganism. The Eternal was redeeming his people; he was not forsaking them. When the purpose of the captivity had been fulfilled, the doom would fall on the captors. The struggle that was going on was far greater than men realized. All nations were involved. No people were exempt. For all had sinned. And Babylon was one of the worst offenders. The time for an accounting was at hand. The Lord was about to visit the nations for their wickedness. He had opened his armory and had brought forth the weapons of his indignation. The sound of battle was in the land. The fight was on between God and paganism.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGES

And this is the great conflict of the ages. The one supreme challenge which confronts you and me, and everyone who cherishes the things that pertain to God, is the challenge of paganism. If all nominal Christian manhood and womanhood in the world were genuine, the kingdom of God would cover the earth and penetrate every phase of life in an incredibly short time. But owing to our concern over minor issues, we lose sight of the fundamental question which divides the people of the world into two hostile camps.

Antagonisms of all sorts exist in life and each controversy stirs up its enthusiasts. Nations consider other nations as rivals, and races view each other with belligerent eyes. To some minds, the problem of blood is the crucial problem of the day, and men like Lothrop Stoddard think the salvation of civilization depends on maintaining the integrity of the white race. Others lay great emphasis on the dividing line of sex. The growing part which woman is playing in modern life is looked upon by many with considerable misgiving. Benjamin Kidd saw a conflict of deepest significance between the mind of the fighting male and the mind of the self-renouncing female, and he saw the hope of the future in the predominance of those qualities which in the past have been most manifest in woman.

Other students of our time contend that the greatest struggle of the immediate future will be the struggle between the classes. The rapid rise of the proletariat in recent years has filled many with alarm. The strife between labor and capital is far from being settled and it has in it possibilities for disastrous results. Closely related to this rivalry is the breach that exists between the rich and the poor. Earnest advocates of socialism insist that our troubles will vanish when our wealth is fairly, if not equally, distributed.

And there are still others who attach supreme importance to education. To them the arch enemy of mankind is ignorance. James Harvey Robinson, for example, thinks salvation can come by what he calls "the liberation of intelligence." And George A. Gordon, assuming that all men desire what is good, said: "The world can be saved by illumination, by education, by the spirit of God." And again, there are conservatists in every sphere of life who think the millennium will come when the radicals are confounded. And there are radicals who think that conservatists alone are responsible for blocking the way to the palace of universal happiness.

YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON

But all of these distinctions, important as they are, are minor matters. And he who puts them first makes a faulty diagnosis. As a writer in the *Christian Century* suggested recently, he is like the doctor who treats his patient for pimples when he is about to die of cancer. The classifications we have mentioned do not strike the heart of the world's supreme problem. The line that divides mankind into the two sides that really count cuts deeper than any of these. Throughout the centuries, and through every phase of life, runs a challenge which no man can escape. In its response to that challenge the world will determine its destiny. It is the challenge of paganism. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." This is the issue on which the sound of battle rends the air.

Modern paganism has several features. I shall speak briefly of the three which seem to me the most significant and dangerous.

Consider, first, the challenge of immorality. It is not a new challenge. From the earliest times, every lover of virture has had to contend with vice. No time has been without its corruption; no nation without its looseness of morals. Sensuality may change its name, but its character remains the same. Defilement may alter its attire, but crimson and gold cannot purify its nature. Lust may try to hide in the garb of refinement, but it cannot conceal its grossness. The voluptuary is artful,

but his cunning only makes his poison more effective. The problem of immorality is an old problem. When Jeremiah denounced the iniquity of Judah, when Jesus issued his warnings about lust, when Savonarola tore the guise off the carnality of Florence, and when the Christians in Hangchow, China, defeated an effort to establish licensed vice, they were all in the same campaign.

THE PASSING OF FAITH

A business man recently wrote a letter to the editor of the *Manufacturer's Record* in which he spoke of the disaster that is resulting from the destruction of religious belief. He said: "It can be seen any night at any cafe in Berlin with men and women, utterly dissolute, unrestrained by principles of any sort, and convinced that any device is permissible that brings profit." And what is true of Berlin is true of Paris, of Tokio, of London and of Louisville. Impurity darts its vile suggestions from the screen, it makes its insidious appeal through much of our modern literature, it receives bold and extensive publicity in the daily press, it pollutes the atmosphere of the dance hall and it even invades the sacred precincts of the home. Civilization can stand much and still survive, but it cannot stand the undermining influence of the social evil and ultimately live. Immorality is at heart pagan. There is nothing in it with which Christianity can come to any sort of compromise. If we would keep our own lives unstained, if we would preserve our own homes intact, if we would save our own sons and daughters from dishonor, if we would establish in our own city, our country and the world, the kingdom of God with its purity, its righteousness and its love, we must unite with all Christian forces everywhere and hurl the full power of our virtue into the battle against immorality.

The second phase of modern paganism which I would emphasize is militarism. We have witnessed in recent years some of the dire results of war. The world will be many decades in recovering from this carnival of blood. It is inconceivable how anyone, in view of our late catastrophe, can maintain that civilization is safe only when it rests on a military foundation. It should be perfectly apparent to every sane man that if the mad race for armaments continues, the world is doomed to certain destruction. Militarism fosters cruelty, throws every phase of life into confusion, opens wide the door for every kind of crime, and brings with it an overwhelming flood of pestilence, famine and death.

THE THREAT OF MILITARISM

In his book, *The Science of Power,* Benjamin Kidd speaks of two things which have entered into the story of civilization. One is the struggle of physical force to satisfy its own selfish ends. And the other is self-renunciation for the common good. And these two things, he maintains, are inherently and forever irreconcilable. The former functions on the theory that might makes right; the latter makes right independent of any individual interests and of any physical force that may be enlisted to vindicate those interests. The former is essentially pagan and seeks to govern modern life by the law of the jungle; the latter is essentially Christian and seeks to govern modern life by the law of love which found its crowning expression in the sacrificial cross of Jesus.

In the past, nations have operated on the principle that their interests were intrinsically antagonistic. In their relationships they were actuated by fear, suspicion, jealousy and ambition. And in their concern for their place in the sun, they proceeded on the policy that they could gain only as another lost, and that therefore all other nations were their natural and permanent enemies. This concentration on international rivalry blinded their eyes to a vastly greater and more significant conflict which recognized no national boundaries, the ancient and yet intensely modern conflict between militarism and brotherhood. In every country there are people who believe in brotherhood, and in every country there are jingoes. The really vital battle of the present day is not the battle in which one nation opposes another; it is the battle in which the peace-makers of all nations take a firm and unrelenting stand against the war-makers of all nations. And surely, if history has taught us one lesson, it is the fact that the hope of the world depends on the triumph of the former.

THE SCOURGE OF SECULARISM

The third phase of modern paganism which challenges us is secularism. The tremendous emphasis which the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have placed on material progress has stopped the ears of multitudes to the voices which speak of a spiritual universe. Men have advanced in wisdom and power and in their mastery over the forces of nature until they have begun to live on the supposition that they are capable of bringing an adequate supply to every need of life. God has been gradually ushered out of his world as one whose contribution was obsolete. Faith is sneered at as the last refuge of the failure. The strong successful man has no use for religious superstitions. Not only is materialism the accepted basis for practical living; it is taught in many quarters as the true philosophy of the universe. Boys and girls grow up in the home, in school and in the street, and they hear or see hardly a thing to remind them that they are children of God. Young men and women take their place in the work of the world and they find that a large part of our commercial and industrial life is openly pagan. If the dollar continues to dominate the soul, if prosperity continues to take precedence of honor, if gain continues to feed on manhood, if the things of the spirit continue to be ignored, our final destiny will be the same as that of every people who in the past left God out of account.

There is today, as there always has been, considerable controversy over matters that are trivial. And in the meantime, the spirit that seeks to crush religion entirely meets with only a feeble and divided resistance. The time has come for the Christian forces of the whole world to recognize that they are in one great common battle against worldliness and infidelity. The inescapable challenge of this day is the challenge to put God back into every phase of life. In no other way can the victory over the immorality, the militarism and the secularism which constitute the paganism of today be achieved.

And let it be emphasized once more, the challenge which we confront is one challenge. It is the same everywhere throughout the world. It cuts straight through the lesser disputes which divide men into opposing camps. If there is a corrupt spot in China, the whole world of righteous people must be interested in its cleansing; for unless checked, it will pollute the whole world. If militarism threatens to arise in Germany or in France, the whole world of peace loving people must rally to resist it; for unless it is throttled, the whole world will burst into flames. If materialism promises to sweep over Japan, the whole world of religious people must insist on the spiritual values of life; for unless they do sincerely and earnestly, the whole world will go its inevitable way to destruction.

TEUNIS E. GOUWENS

We have been accustomed, in the past, to thinking of India, China and Japan as heathen nations. And we have sent missionaries out to convert them. But you know what they are saying to our heralds of the cross. They are saying: "Your teaching sounds beautiful. Your ideals sparkle. Would to God we could believe your religion will work! But we cannot. And what is more, you do not appear to believe it yourself. At any rate, you are not taking your own preaching seriously. You attack our paganism, but your own civilization is shot through with paganism too. We have visited your wonderful country and we know. Your schools are largely materialistic. In your higher institutions of learning, we have found that your best educated men have little regard for your professions of faith in Christ. In your political life, we see party jealousy and selfish interests take precedence of Christian service on a national scale. In your industrial life, we see bitter strife between employer and worker and a lust for wealth which does not hesitate to grind the human beings who produce it. In your business, we see cutthroat competition the rule of the game. In your home life, we see a denial of the ideals of Christ. Trial marriages are popular and you lead the world in divorce. Every little while the wires of the world and the air above us flash messages of race riots which are in their essence barbaric. Your literature and your theaters flaunt the sex problem and your amusements are commercialized and to a large extent degrading. What has Christianity done for you? Will it cure our paganism when it fails to cure your own?"

It is a challenge, is it not? Our American blood boils when a pagan stands up and accuses us of paganism. But the charge it true, is it not? God forgive us! The charge is true. We are cursed with paganism in our own country. We have failed to set our own house in order.

The fight in which we are engaged is a universal one. It cannot be won in the Orient unless it is won at home. And it cannot be won at home unless it is won abroad. We must all live or all perish together. Our challenge is one challenge.

CHRISTIANITY OUR ONLY HOPE

And, thank God! we have a Christianity that can hear that challenge and respond to it. The truest word that can be spoken of our land is not that it is pagan but that it is Christian. The highest interpretation of our life is the best. Our fundamental allegiance is to Christ. We know that our only hope lies in him and we are dedicated to the triumph of his spirit.

In that dedication, we throw ourselves in line with God. Let us remember always, and let us take great comfort and assurance from the fact, that first and last this is God's fight. He saw the issue before the sound of battle was heard by any human ear. He gave his only begotten Son to die on the cross that the forces which oppose him might be crushed. The Lord of hosts will not be defeated. This has been his world from the beginning, and in the end his triumph will stand. This is no time for discouragement. It is a time to thrill with the sound of battle, to don the panoply of God, and in every phase and activity of life to stand for Jesus Christ, and having done all, to stand.

We are living, we are dwelling,
  In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
  To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
  Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark, what soundeth? is creation
  Groaning for its latter day?

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
  Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
  On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
  For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
  Tell on ages, tell for God.

No Other Gods!

By John H. Powell, Jr.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Exodus 20:3.

IT is interesting that in the Hebrew, the Red Sea is called "the sea of weeds," or as Driver puts it, "the sea of reeds"; which would seem to indicate that the portion the children of Israel crossed was not a deep area.

This story is familiar to us all. After the children of Israel crossed over this northern portion of the Red Sea, or the Gulf of Suez, instead of turning to the north and getting on to the main caravan route to Palestine which they had avoided previously because of their fear of encountering the Philistines and other peoples who lived in the fortified cities of the coastal plain, they turned into the Sinaitic Peninsula, and came probably to the same mountain on which Moses had seen the flaming bush.

The story here is a bit confused, because it is a compilation of at least three different accounts, and there is overlapping, repetition and some disagreement and even contradiction. However, according to the record, it seems that Moses went up into the mountain while the people remained at the foot of it. Here God speaks to him and gives him the two tables of stone, on which God has written the law with his own finger. These, however, are the tables of stone which Moses hurls to the ground and shatters when on coming down from the mountain he is so enraged at the sight of the people worshiping the golden calf which Aaron had made for them. But after a time Moses returns to the mountain and receives a duplicate of these two tables, on which he writes the law at the dictation of God. It is these, presumably, that are kept in the Ark of the Covenant.

WANTED—A POSITIVE FAITH

For centuries the church has so emphasized the necessity of people believing everything in the Bible, or in its orthodox doctrines of theology, that being religious has become almost synonymous with being gullible and credulous with regard to whatever the church has said was part of the Christian faith. Consequently, many intelligent people today have been turned against the church, the Bible and everything else that has to do with religion.

Now, we probably do not have that extreme attitude of antagonism, or we should not be here this morning. Nevertheless, many of us may have been more affected by it than we realize. Most of us certainly do not read the Bible as regularly as our parents did, and we have probably not made the transition for ourselves between blind, implicit faith and a thoroughly critical, intelligent appreciation of the Bible and the defensible tenets of our Christian religion. We retain a vague allegiance to certain hazy ideas and ideals; but we do not have nearly as definite and positive a faith as our fathers, and the consequence is a lack of strength and assurance in our personal and national life.

Read over the record again as you would read any other book, critically trying to dig through the interpretation and exaggeration of later centuries to the actual experience which these people had of whom these stories are told.

Judging by the pictures I have seen, this region of the Sinaitic Peninsula is a bare, bleak, desolate, mountainous region, where one feels face to face with elemental nature. Can you imagine the feelings of a people who had lived all their days in the monotonous valley of the Nile and who, having just experienced a remarkable deliverance from the Egyptian hosts, find themselves transplanted into this vast wilderness, with towering mountains all about them, their summits lost in impenetrable clouds? Can you imagine how they would feel, a primitive, ignorant people, in a terrific thunderstorm in such a wild and desolate region, with the thunder and lightning cracking about these mountain tops? And if one adds to this the possibility of an earthquake and a volcanic eruption, one gets a situation in which even such sophisticated people as you and I might conclude that we stood in the presence of God. At least, we should be a great deal more mindful of the reality of the unseen forces of nature, which are in the last analysis a manifestation of God's power, than we ordinarily are surrounded by the peace and comfort of our village or the tremendous evidences of the self-sufficiency of man that one sees continually in the city.

TRUE RELIGION MUST BE INTELLIGENT

It is somewhat the same feeling that one has before the majestic grandeur of the great snow-capped mountains of the Alps, or away in the western highlands and islands of Scotland—to stand before the Jungfrau on a glorious clear day, or to sail along the coast of Skye and see the Coolin hills, bare and bleak and awesome. As a friend of mine once said after cycling up the west coast of Scotland, "It is no wonder that the people who live there believe in predestination. It is the kind of country in which one feels inevitably his dependence upon God and the forces of nature."

What we need to see is that religion is not a matter of gullibility. Religion, if it rests upon reality, is essentially a matter of intelligence. The reason Moses was the religious leader of his people was not because he was more credulous than they, but because he was far more intelligent. The rest of them just heard it thunder on Sinai, and were afraid. Moses presumably got some ideas out of this experience, among the most important and valuable ideas that men have ever had.

What we need to think about, therefore, is not the fanciful miracles that later generations wove around their account of these happenings, but the ideas incorporated in this remarkable code itself.

Here was a man engaged in the business of creating a nation. What were the elements involved in the process?

First there was the fact that these people were united by blood; they were the same racial stock; in some sense, the same family. That helped to draw them together; but it was not enough in itself. The deserts were full of people of the same racial stock, and the same general family, who never become a nation in the sense that these people did.

In the second place, they were united by their common

suffering of oppression, and by their strong desire for freedom. And this is a most powerful bond. But with freedom from the common suffering, the common oppression, the bond itself evaporates; and while the memory may remain, it is not nearly as strong as the reality of the experience itself.

The third factor is much more important. These people, by the providence of God—or otherwise, as you choose—had a great leader, a man with vision, faith, courage and ability. On the basis of achievement, Moses deserves to rank with the greatest men of history. Almost single-handed, he welded a nondescript bunch of slaves into a nation, the like of which the world has not

JOHN H. POWELL, JR.

again seen: a nation that could survive civilization, captivity, exile, foreign domination, internecine strife and dispersion throughout the world as homeless fugitives; and still after three thousand years remaining a nation. There is nothing else like it in the annals of man, and if we are really interested in building a nation here on this continent, we could do nothing better than consider this example.

But these were not the only factors. A fourth was good fortune, the sort of thing that at one time or another happens to everyone. We get into a position where there is no way out. We can't defeat the foes that are pressing upon us from behind; we can't bridge or swim the sea that faces us ahead; and on either side, we are hemmed in by the desert. And then in the natural, but from our standpoint wholly unpredictable, course of events, a way is opened for us and we are saved. Everyone has experiences of that kind. No one ever recovers from a serious illness, no one ever makes a fortune, or finds happiness, but as a result of the play of inexplicable forces outside himself. The trouble is that most of us simply put this down to good fortune or chance or luck, and forget about it. We go on our way, physically well or improved in estate, but mentally and spiritually no different from what we were before. But others see in this natural ordering of events, the hand of a beneficent Providence, and forever after there is within their hearts a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, and in their minds a faith that he who has seen them through these difficulties in the past can be trusted to see them through all the difficulties that lie ahead. For these people, a new power enters into their lives as a result of a natural experience of the working out of the forces and laws of nature.

RELIGIOUS INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

Of course, in this connection one must avoid the easy, superficial supposition that in the light of such experiences we are justified in supposing that God and the forces of nature are at our beck and call. Such is most certainly not the case, and any such belief will lead ultimately to a rude and sad disillusionment. But this does not warrant us in discrediting the religious interpretation of these events. Rather, it should lead us to believe that God is working out his will through us, and that instead of our ordering him about, we should submit ourselves to his will, in so far as we can discover it or he reveals it to us.

The Hebrews put a religious interpretation on their deliverance from the power of the Egyptians, and for three thousand years that belief and the resultant feeling of gratitude has been a bond between them, shutting them off from other peoples and making them in the most vital sense a nation.

For the fifth factor in their national origin was this element of religious faith. The religious faith of the people came from the religious interpretation of the events; but the religious interpretation of the events came from the religious faith and insight of those who were responsible for the interpretation itself. In other words, if there had been no previous knowledge of God, there would have been no recognition of him in this experience.

Most of these factors were behind them. The continuing ones were their religious faith and the leadership of Moses. The problem they now confronted was how to live, and in the solution of that lay their fate.

THE WAY TO NATIONAL LIFE

There were three possibilities. Everybody could live on the basis of his own interest and desire. There could be what we are pleased to call freedom, in our modern use of the term. The world lay before them. They could live or die in any way they pleased, without restraint, simply on the basis of natural impulse.

If they had, they would not have been heard of since. The immediate result would have been conflict and confusion, and they would have starved to death in the desert, just as the Mormons would have done if it had not been for the wisdom and the strong hand of Brigham Young. No people is ever made into a nation on the basis of any such conception of freedom. And if we

are inclined to have that idea today, we had better change our minds and mend our ways.

The second possibility was that some small, strong group should take control and dominate the life of this people for their own advantage. Their arbitrary will would be the law. The result would be that this five or six thousand people would be whipped into a sort of military organization, made subservient to the will of a few, and then used for the aggrandizement of their power. Immediately they would have started out to raid their neighbors, for the enrichment of their leaders, and the result would probably have been their speedy annihilation. Or if they could survive at all, they would have survived as a raiding desert tribe, their only religion something of fear forced upon them by their lords, a barbarous people understanding no language but that of force, having no vision beyond the satisfying of their immediate desires for safety and comfort. In the end they would have been lost in the desert, no better than their leaders, who in turn were no better than the leaders of all other desert tribes.

A LEADER WITH A GREAT FAITH

Now these people needed strong leadership, as all other peoples do. And there is a place for fear and the strong hand of discipline. But, while these are elements in the third possibility that they confronted, the essential feature of it was some conception of the good life for people as such, some determination of the basic principles of all right living, and the application of these to their lives. In other words, there was the possibility of law and order as something distinguished from the arbitrary will of ignorant, selfish rulers, as something that was in harmony with the very constitution of the universe.

And this is what they got. They didn't express it in these terms; but it was the same thing, because Moses had a conception of God, their God—a tribal deity, perhaps, associated peculiarly with this locality, but nevertheless a God of justice and right, a moral God, who was concerned not simply with the forms and ceremonies of religious observance, but even more with reverence and obedience to a moral law; in other words, a God who was concerned about ethics.

So under Moses' leadership the Israelites worked out a code of laws, derived from their conception of God and his will, that was to apply to everybody, leaders and people alike.

Of course, they had other laws as well: ceremonial regulations, which were much simpler than the ones recorded in the Pentateuch, which come from a later day; and specific regulations of conduct in particular situations. But the great thing was the setting forth of these basic principles in such terse form that every man could remember them and apply them to his own life; for the long explanations and elaborations that accompany some of them were probably later additions to the original code of Ten Words, as it was called.

Listen to these laws; think upon them; criticize them; pull them to pieces if you can:

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
II. Thou shalt not worship any graven image.
III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord th God in vain.
IV. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.
V. Honor thy father and thy mother.
VI. Thou shalt not kill.
VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
X. Thou shalt not covet.

The Hebrews did not always live up to those laws but they had them at the very heart of their nationa life. And the inevitable result was a persistent tend ency to order and reverence and decency.

And that is just what we need today in our na tional life—a simple, basic code of law that people ca know and understand and apply to their lives. In othe words, we need a simple, intellectually defensible stand ard of life, to bring some element of stability and de pendability back into our living. People need to know what is expected of them, and what they have a righ to expect from others.

We need to regain some moral convictions, som moral certainties, the very things which our superficia modern psychology and philosophy and sociology hav robbed us. We are not living in a laboratory, simpl guinea pigs for a lot of experimenting psychologists nor are we living in the sheltered academic atmosphere of a university, where one must keep a perpetual open mindedness. We are living in a world where we hav to live; and we need an intelligent accepted standar of conduct. It must be logical and consistent with ou basic conception of reality and our ultimate objectives it must be based upon a broad experience, the experi ence of the race, stretching over some thousands of year —not something worked out on the basis of one man experiments over the past ten or fifteen years, or a the conclusion of the percentage tabulation of the result of a questionnaire. It isn't to be based on the authorit of the Bible or the church, or of anything else. It must be based upon the best discernment of objective fact of which we are capable. It must be established by th wise, and demanded of the simple.

THE PLACE OF FORCE

It is all very well to say that our ideal is to hav everyone recognize the rightness of this code and appre ciate its value and apply it to his own life because h wants to. That is our moral and educational objective But from the standpoint of government, we must recog nize the fact that some people either cannot or will no see the light, and that consequently they must be made t abide by the law by the intelligent and effective appli cation of force.

One of the first things we must get over is ou silly qualms about people not being forced to do wha they do not want to do. This does not mean that w are justified in forcing people to do what we want them to do simply because we want them to. According t many of our modern intellectuals, there are no othe possibilities. And of course if there are not, we are in such a hopeless situation that it makes little differenc what we do anyway. But the great philosophers o

antiquity and of modern times have supposed that it is possible for men to determine objectively valid and right principles, altogether apart from their personal desires, and that it was the primary business of intelligent people to do this. And once they had, to order their lives accordingly; and to apply these principles to the ordering of the life of the nation, in the formulating and enforcing of laws. In other words, that our objective is to have just laws and to apply them justly.

Certainly the human race has had enough experience to learn that nothing pays such a sure dividend in sorrow as lawlessness, and nothing such a dividend in happiness and peace and general well-being as the establishment and enforcement of good laws.

A Mother's Petition

By Dwight C. Smith

Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshiping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. Matthew 20:20.

THE incident described in our text has been frequently mentioned as an illustration of mistaken ambition. Because it is expressed by the mother of James and John, we have supposed that it shows the fault of a well-meaning but sadly mistaken woman. I venture to say, however, that such an interpretation does violence to the real message involved. The mother in this case is, indeed, a symbol of all mothers. As such she deserves to have a greater measure of sympathy and understanding. Her petition came from a full heart.

I

When we come to consider the case more carefully, we must start by admitting that we know very little about the woman, so far as specific information is concerned. We do not even know her name. "The mother of Zebedee's children" Matthew calls her. By association and elimination, some scholars have suggested that she may be the person whom Mark mentions, in the fifteenth chapter of his Gospel, as Salome. It has further been hinted that she may have been a sister of Mary, and that her sons were therefore first cousins of our Lord. Whether this is so or not, we have no way of knowing. Even the simplest facts about her name and family connection can only be guessed at. All that we know for certain is that she was the wife of Zebedee, and the mother of the two disciples, James and John.

By inference, however, we know much more about her. She bore and reared two sons who grew from infancy to manhood, and were then deemed fit material for Jesus to choose as intimate companions. Surely this fact implies a host of things concerning the home life and training of these boys, for which their mother would be the one person most responsible. We know also that she was deeply concerned about them, and that she was ambitious for their future.

Now, this latter fact we have been disposed to regard as though it were to her discredit. In all fairness to her, however, what right have we to pass such a judgment? Indeed, what should we think of her if we were told that she did not wish all possible success for her sons?

They meant more to her than anything else in life. They were more precious to her than her own life. She had willingly risked that in order to give them birth. Had she not nourished and protected them, not only during those prenatal days, but for many a long year of infancy and childhood? When they were ill, it was her untiring care which nursed them back to health. When they lisped their first words, it was she who taught them to speak. When they took their first tottering steps, it was she who guided and supported them. When they learned to pray, it was she who brought them into the conscious knowledge of the presence of God. When they succeeded in childish endeavors, it was she who encouraged them and rejoiced with them. When they met disappointments and heartaches, it was she who comforted them. Until they reached man's estate, her main business was teaching and caring for these children of hers. During all those years of infancy and childhood, they were truly parasites, feeding on her very life, even as they had done in the weeks before they were born.

Why, then, should we scorn her for wanting all that was best for her sons? She asked nothing for herself. We may be sure that she would gladly have met any demands that might have been made upon her to fulfill her hopes for them. She was used to giving up her own comforts and satisfactions for them. She was used, too, to suffering for their sakes. It had cost agony to give them life, and it took sacrifices of time, of love, of energy, of patience, to rear these children of hers.

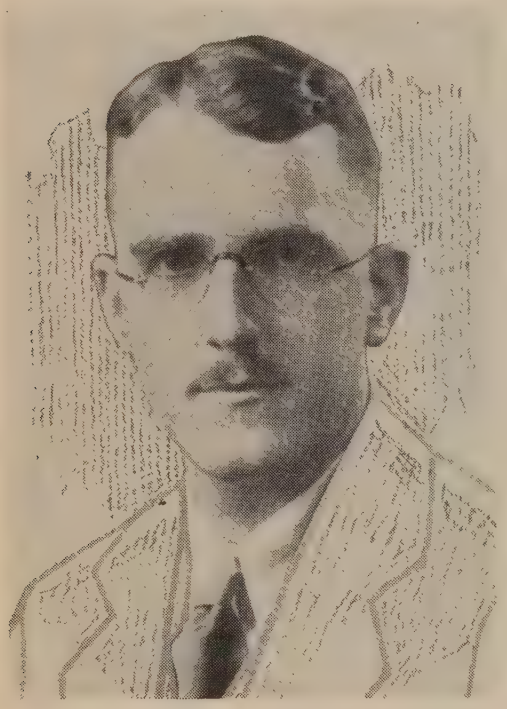
Whenever they suffered, she suffered with them. When they entered manhood, and became independent in spirit, she had to stand anxiously by, and suffer the agony of seeing them make mistakes. Perhaps there were times when she knew the bitter pain of having to endure shame for some of their wrongdoings. There is a price that mothers have to pay, and she paid it for these two sons. Sacrifice on their behalf could have been no novelty for her. She was used to it. Therefore, when she asked that they might have positions of honor, it was not from any desire to claim benefits for herself.

This request, then, was the most natural thing in the world. Had anyone asked her why she made it, I suspect she would have been hard put to it for an answer, except to say that she was their mother and therefore desired whatever might be good for them. Far from condemning her, we ought to honor her for doing her best to live up to her calling as a mother. We may say with confidence that she had earned her right to make such a petition.

II

The more we think of it, the more certain we are that in making this request the mother of Zebedee's children showed herself to be in truth a typical mother. The question really is not whether she should have asked this favor. No one else could have anywhere near so good a right. The real question is whether her sons deserved to have her ask it.

When we examine the story, we see that this was precisely the thing that Jesus was getting at in his answer. Though we have supposed that she was wrong in her petition, he did not even suggest such a thought. I am sure that we may properly think of him as smiling upon her with genuine understanding, as he observed the great loyalty, and the deep longing of this mother of his friends. Without a doubt he must have honored and respected her for having made the request. He knew her sons well. Probably he knew her also, and knew that it was second nature for her to forget herself in seeking their welfare. It had been a consuming interest of her whole mature life.



DWIGHT C. SMITH

The only question that mattered now was whether they had learned to be worthy of that self-forgetful love. She had poured out her life for them in a love which demanded nothing in return. Had they caught the contagion of such a love? Were they, in turn, prepared to give themselves without reserve to the service and love of others? That was the question which mattered most about these two sons of a devoted mother. And, my friends, it is the one crucial question which haunts you and me on this day which we call Mother's Day.

I know it is easy to lose sight of this primary issue. The very idea of Mother's Day is bound to suggest to each one of us the fact that we owe a great debt. Remembering what we have said about the mother of James and John, we know full well that our own mothers have paid a similar price for us. But it is not enough for us to admit that we owe a debt. The question is how that debt shall be paid.

To be quite honest, we are seriously tempted to pay it with counterfeit currency. You know there is an economic axiom to the effect that cheap money drives out that which is good. The reason why responsible economists are forever warning against inflation is because they know how often it has happened that when a nation once yields to the temptation to issue cheap money, the result has been disaster. Any businessman knows that the same thing is true of goods as well as money. Flood the market with cheap, inferior articles, and the goods of quality gather dust on the shelves. It happens in the case of intangible goods, too. The never-ending task of those who feel concern for high literary standards is to try to combat the appalling dead weight of cheap, shoddy reading matter. The most disheartening thing in the experience of those of us who seek to maintain high standards in religious expression is to see the ease with which shabby, silly, vulgar imitations of high religion gain a foothold in our land. Whether the coin to which we refer is coin of the realm or coin of the spirit, it remains true that what is cheap always threatens the very survival of what is most worth while.

Well, this is true in the specific case of Mother's Day, isn't it? The fact that we so generally honor the day at all is evidence that we feel a need for it. But, alas, what a travesty we are in danger of making of it! The fact that we have permitted the day to be so largely monopolized by commercial interests is only one indication of how easily we are lured into buying off an obligation that cannot possibly be paid for so casually. Think, too, of the mawkish sentimentality in which we indulge as though it sufficed to settle our debts. There comes, now and then, a really fine expression of what we ought to feel about motherhood. Such, for instance, is Kipling's poem:

> If I were hanged on the highest hill,
> Mother o'mine, O mother o' mine!
> I know whose love would follow me still,
> Mother o'mine, O mother o' mine!
> If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
> Mother o'mine, O mother o' mine!
> I know whose tears would come down to me,
> Mother o'mine, O mother o' mine!
> If I were damned in body and soul,
> I know whose prayers would make me whole,
> Mother o'mine, O mother o' mine!

Yet, how far a cry it is from such a verse to the crude insincerity and the banal sentimentality of the flood of "Mammy" songs and similar drivel which fairly swamps us on Mother's Day. If we really mean to appreciate the sacrificial love of motherhood at its best, we ought to be moved to the very depths of our spirits. Instead, we are called upon to let loose a deluge of crocodile tears, as though that were all which the occasion demanded.

No, my friends, the cheap coin of mere sentimentality won't do. It is sheer counterfeit; and our debts can't be paid so easily as all that. We say that we honor our mothers. We say that we realize at least a measure of what they have done for us. We say that we ought to prove ourselves worthy of the price they have paid. Very well, then, let us face the fact that there is only one way to discharge that debt.

In this respect it really doesn't matter very much whether our mothers are still in this life or not. Whether they are living or dead, we confess this day that they have considered no cost too great to pay for our well-being. That we should give visible, audible evidence of appreciation is important, of course. Those of us who are so blessed as to have mothers still living should naturally make some effort to let them know that we honor and love them for what they are and have been. But that, after all, is but the beginning. If we mean what we say, it becomes our inescapable task to see to it that our lives justify the price they have paid. In the last analysis, this is to be done not by doing something, but being something. It may help to send a letter, or give a present to mother. If we are young enough to be living in the same home with her, we can and should show appreciation by helpful things we do. But in the long run, such things are only a small part of the task. What is really up to you and me is to see to it that from this day on we shall more nearly be the fine people and the noble characters that our mothers have hoped, and dreamed, and prayed that we might be.

III

Looking at this gospel story, we find that such a result was the very thing which the mother of James and John was really wishing for her sons. She wanted them to be at the right and left hand of Jesus in the world that was to be. Exactly what she thought that involved, we may not say for certain. This much we can say: she could not have prayed for anything finer than this for her sons. You see, it implies not only an ambitious hope, but a superb trustfulness as well. She loved her sons, and she believed in them. I have no doubt that she knew their faults. How could she have lived so many years with them without being tragically aware of their shortcomings? Nevertheless, she dared to believe that in spite of all their failures they might yet deserve to occupy such positions of trust and honor.

Moreover, I would call your attention to the fact that she did not make the mistake of supposing that wealth, or possessions, or great power would be the thing to ask for them. No indeed! The one thing her heart craved for these sons was that they should always be close by the side of Christ and in sympathy with him.

Here, I submit, is the crowning proof that the mother of Zebedee's children was typical of mothers at their best. For is this not supremely the thing that your mother has always wished for you? Of course she has hoped that you would be happy, and that you might be spared some of life's cruelest experiences. Sometimes she has hoped that certain events would come to pass in your life. I have no doubt that she has prayed with all her heart for specific boons for you now and then. But in and through all her prayers has run this one, unfailing petition that you would always be close to the right or the left hand of Jesus Christ. Beside that, all the other prayers were incidental. Let your outward circumstances be what they might, the matter of supreme importance to her is that you should be close to him.

You mothers know that this is true, don't you? Of course you have hopes and aspirations for your children. Of course you desire their happiness and success. But most of all, you pray that come what may these children of yours shall know Jesus Christ as their eternal friend, and shall always be at his side.

My friends, it was no casual, spur-of-the-moment request that was made of Jesus by the mother of James and John. It was the expression of her heart's deepest longing for her children. And when Jesus turned to speak to them about it, he went right to the heart of the matter. Could they be worthy of the prayer she uttered in their behalf? That was what he asked them. It is what he asks us. It is what he asks of everyone whose mother pours out her heart in prayer for her child. This is what we need to ask our own souls, as we remember A Mother's Petition.

Hardening for Great Tasks

These limitations of ours against which we chafe, the things we have to give up that we would fain keep, the things that we would escape and must perforce bear because there is no way of escaping them—surely these are only the ways in which God is hardening us for the great tasks that he would have us do, multiplying the number of things to which we will not surrender and hardening life to its right possibilities.

Robert E. Speer.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Robert Merrill Bartlett

FATHER of all mankind, we look out from our places of prayer upon a world that is cursed by hatreds. Millions stalk like shadows across the earth, jobless, hungry, begging for a chance to live in peace. We know our world is not right; with all the provisions of nature and the brain of man nations should not envy and despise one another. The cries of needy comrades are drowned by marching armies that strive to preserve walls of separation built between Thy children. Guns and fortresses threaten everywhere. The wealth of nations is squandered on monsters of war that breathe terror across the boundaries drawn by men. O Spirit of Love, rouse our strength that we may match our lives against these ways of death!

Let us no longer juggle definitions about religion and speculate about brotherhood, but cast ourselves into the Christian revolution which must bring fullness of life to men and a new epoch of life to the earth. Enlist us, we pray, in a crusade to free the world from the curse of national hatreds and the tyranny of war. Help us to live as peacemakers and demonstrate in daily life the enlightenment and tolerance upon which alone we can succeed in building the Kingdom of International Brotherhood. Amen.

The Minister's Greatest Problem

By Charles M. Sheldon

And the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name.

SEVERAL years ago I wrote an article entitled "A Sixteen Hour Day" for The Christian Century, giving in itemized order the different things that happened on that day in my own life as a minister.

The items ranged all the way from answering fifteen telephone calls to fixing the kitchen pump. There were items that covered a wide range of activities including a session with my trustees, two funerals and one wedding, a call from a Negro delegation asking me for permission to canvass my parish for financial help in the building of a church, the answering of a number of letters asking a dozen different questions about life and the interpretation of Revelation 19:3, fourteen doorbell rings, and a dozen back door and study knocks (my study is in a small building out in the back yard)—and a few minutes' uninterrupted spell to block out the next Sunday sermon. In between all the rest I did some necessary jobs around the house for my wife, and went to the hospital to see one of my members to assure him that the church emergency fund would pay for his operation.

● *Knowing One's Own Sheep*

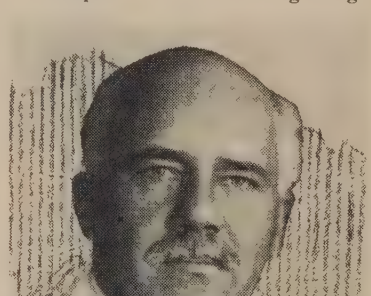
But among the different items that made the history of that sixteen-hour day, there was not one that could be called a "problem" for the minister. Most of the things that happened were just "chores." They were a part of the day's work, and the next day was a repetition of the one preceding.

What is the minister's greatest problem? I have come to a conclusion after fifty years in the ministry—and I don't expect the brethren to agree with me about it—but I am going to give what I believe I would do if I were to start in again as a minister with a church that I could call my own.

As I look back to my first parish in Waterbury, Vermont, the most important thing I ever did in the two years there was to try to know my own people, my "own sheep."

I was just out of the seminary where the greatest emphasis had been placed on preaching. I started in with writing out in full two sermons a week, and spending long hours on them. I sat up nights with my sermons and fell asleep over them—as I afterwards noted some of my tired farmer members did when I read them on Sunday. Then one Sunday morning after preaching a sermon that I had labored over up to 1 A.M. I went back to my little room in the village hotel and had an idea.

I must confess the idea did not come from the sermon, but from my people, "my own sheep." It had begun to dawn on me that I did not know my people. They were for the most part native born Vermonters, a majority of them farmers living several miles from Waterbury, and trying to make a stubborn living on the Vermont hills, where the sheep had to have two legs longer



Charles M. Sheldon

than the other two in order not to fall down hill while browsing in the hillside meadow.

I brooded over the fact that I did not know "my own sheep by name," and the next Sunday I went into my little pulpit and woke up the audience by asking if I could board around with them, a family at a time, a week at a time, and continue the boarding around for an entire winter.

● *How "Boarding 'Round" Helped*

The invitation I offered the members was accepted with an alacrity that I had not anticipated. I was not married at that time, and was free to do what a married minister would not be able to do. The plan as it was followed worked out as follows:

After the Sunday morning service I went home with the family that had agreed to let me board with them, and had Sunday dinner with them. I then went back to my hotel room, and after the second Sunday service I went home with the family and had a Sunday evening lunch of bread and milk or whatever the good wife put on the table and remained with the family that evening.

The next day I took the midday and evening meals with the family and spent the evening with them. Sometimes I would read a story to them, sometimes help the children with their school studies. Sometimes I would play with the children and it was at that time that I began to learn some sleight-of-hand tricks that I had learned from a book I had bought in a second hand bookstore in Boston. I think it is safe to say that this one thing brought me nearer to gaining the friendship of the "lambs" in the flock than anything I ever did to "know them by name."

● *Before the Movies and Bridge Parties*

The families that consented to let me board around were on a calendar list for their own week, so that my visits were expected by exact date and the family could be prepared for my coming. Each day of the week I repeated the plan as given for Monday. I took "dinner," the noon meal, with the family, and "supper," as the evening meal was called; and after that I spent as much time in the home as seemed best. It was a good habit in New England for every member of the family to be present at meal time. There were no movies and no bridge parties or dances in my parish and no men's or women's societies. There was just about nothing but "Home, Sweet Home" to go to, and my boarding around did not embarrass the host or hostess as they might have if they had been involved in social engagements. And may I say in passing that if ever a young minister enjoyed the food on the table I was that man. The old joke about "more chickens entered the ministry than were ever known," was literally true in my case.

● *Too Many Programs and Organizations*

Now I am getting down to the real point of this essay on the Minister's Greatest Problem. At the end of the winter I had entered the homes of over forty of my parishioners in the village and out on the farms. And I think it can truly be said that at the end of that experience I had come to know my own sheep and could call them by name. I knew the names of the children and they were no longer afraid of me when I made parish calls or came to see them

when they were sick or in trouble. Looking back at those experiences I cannot recall anything I did that resulted in more genuine results than that boarding around.

All of which leads me to this conclusion.

The minister is a man with practically the same audience from month to month. Every Sunday American ministers get up in their pulpits and look at the same audience they had the preceding week. There may be a few strangers in the pews and a scattering of visitors, but in the main the minister looks over the pews and sees Jones in about the same pew where he has always dozed, while Mrs. Smith is nudging Mr. Smith to remind him that it is time to rise for the second hymn, and the audience is the same audience Sunday after Sunday and year after year. The "man on the street" is not there and the "masses" are somewhere else.

● *The Over-Busy Minister*

But in spite of that, the average minister does not "know his own sheep" or "know them by name." The average minister nowadays is too busy with programs and organizations and administration to spend any time with his "own sheep." I heard a good member of a very large church say the other day: "I haven't seen my own minister, except on Sunday, for several years. He is too busy to see the members unless they die, and even then he has three assistants to take funerals when he is too busy."

In this same connection, I called on the minister of a very large and well organized church where there is a "program" that calls for something every hour of every day of the week. He had only a few minutes to spare. He had to look after the "program." And, may I say, I have come to the conclusion that the church in America is "organized" to death with "programs." At this point I am quite aware that a large part of my reading audience will pick up their hats and walk out, but I am stating my own opinion and conviction.

● *Why So Much Preaching?*

If I had a church of my own again, I would make it the greatest object of my ministry to "know my own sheep by name." They have heard me preach ever since they were born. They know all about how to be saved. They know the firstly, secondly and lastly of my sermons. The only trouble with a lot of my members is that they don't put my preaching into practice. Why should I preach to them so much? If I were back again, once a month I would have nothing but a Sunday morning service of music. I would fill the galleries with the Sunday School and teach them to sing the Hallelujah chorus and the great oratorios, and specially train the audience to sing the great hymns of the church. The average American church audience does not know how to sing the hymns, and the most doleful congregational singing that I ever hear, when I am helping out some good brother, I hear in churches where the hymns have been given out according to the same routine for the last one hundred years. If I were back again, on that special Sunday I would ask the organist to stop playing that we might have the joy of listening to the human voice which in many churches is drowned out by the organist as he pulls out the stops and treads on the treads.

And once a month, perhaps after this Musical Sunday morning, I would spend the whole afternoon at my church keeping an "open door" for all the troubled ones of my "sheep." Entire afternoons would be given to meeting the members as human beings, and to talk and pray with them. And as the days went by, I am sure that whatever else might be the result of my ministry in that church, if I knew my own sheep, the other "problems" that always confront the honest minister would all be met and solved in some way or other.

● *The "Power" That Is Needed*

The Great Shepherd was content with twelve men. They were very imperfect human beings. They all forsook him and fled in his hour of need. But he knew them "by name," and when the time came they did not forsake him but followed him even unto death. The greatest need of the American pulpit today is not organization and programs and something doing every minute. The greatest need is a ministry that creates a power within its own human Family. I wish I could begin all over again to prove what I have in this brief paper little more than suggested.

"And He calleth His own sheep by name."

Timely Verse

The Starred Mother

IS there a madness underneath the sun
More strange, more terrible? or any one
More pitiful than this, that for a star
A mother sells her flesh and blood to war?

A son for slaughter, and a star for praise!
Nor this the total madness of our days,
A son to slay some other mother's son,
And by such murder mother's blessing won!

The Hindu mother, by the Ganges tide
Drowning her babe, heart-broken, but with pride,
Poor blind purveyor to a Saurian feast,
Still spares her babe from murder's maw, at least.

Is there debauchery more deep than this?
The State betraying mothers with a kiss?
Bribing the Marys of the world to sell,
For tinseled star, their flesh and blood to hell!

ROBERT WHITAKER.

A Mother Before a Soldier's Monument

WAS it for this I braved a pathless, dark
And chilling void, in travail while the hiss
Of Death grew loud and near; from that abyss
To stumble back, enfolding in the arc
Of love-warm arms an infant life—a spark
I fanned to ruddy glow? Was it for this
I succored childish needs—healed with a kiss
Each wound that left, on flesh or pride, its mark?

Ah yes, for this I led my stalwart son
In paths of rectitude; abhorring vice
And choosing honor's way, he tossed the draft
That brimmed Youth's cup. . . . Bereft and old, I run
Through War's red ledger—scan the costly price
I paid for laurel wreath and marble shaft!

WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT.

These poems are reprinted from *100 Poems of Peace* and are used by permission of Willett, Clark & Company, the publishers.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

Rev. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *has been* minister of the Community Church (formerly Church of the Messiah), New York, since 1907. He has been a militant voice in behalf of the underprivileged and oppressed for a generation, as is indicated by his leadership of such organizations as the War Resisters League, American Civil Liberties Union, All World Gandhi Fellowship, Fellowship for Social Justice, etc. In 1919 Dr. Holmes left the Unitarian Church and became independent.

Since 1928 Rev. JAMES A. RICHARDS *has* been minister of the First Church, Oberlin, O., going to Oberlin from a ten-year pastorate at Winnetka Congregational Church on Chicago's north shore. Earlier pastorates were in Newport, R. I., and Boston.

In 1927 Rev. ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS was called to Broadway Tabernacle Church (Congregational), New York, to succeed the late Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. Earlier pastorates were in West Springfield, Mass., New Haven, Conn., and Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Chalmers has been active in many causes. His wide interests are indicated by his leadership in the Council for Social Action of the Congregational Christian Churches, the Federal Council of Churches, the Interracial Committee of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., the Religion and Labor Foundation, etc. He is just now leading in a country-wide movement which has as its slogan, "Keep America Out of War." During the World War Dr. Chalmers spent ten months overseas with the Foyers of the II French Army, and was awarded the Medaille de la Grande Guerre (France) and the Verdun medal.

Rev. TEUNIS E. GOUWENS *was ordained* in the ministry of the Reformed Church in America, and following pastorates in New York and Mountain Lakes, N. J., came to the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky., where he now ministers.

Following a period of teaching at the University of Utah and Purdue University (in public speaking and English respectively), Rev. JOHN H. POWELL, JR., won degrees at Union Seminary, Richmond, Va., Yale University and the University of Edinburgh. For a brief period he was student secretary of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and now ministers at the Reformed Church in Bronxville, N. Y.

Receiving his A. B. degree at Yale, Rev. DWIGHT C. SMITH taught at Yale-in-China for two years. At Yale Divinity School he was awarded a B.D. degree and since 1927 has ministered at First Congregational Church, Bellingham, Wash. Two years ago he received his Ph.D. degree at the University of Edinburgh.

Rev. ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT *is* minister of First Church of Christ, Longmeadow, Mass.

Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON, *minister of* Central Congregational Church in Topeka from 1889 to 1919, has also won nation-wide fame as author and editor.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

J. H. MARION, JR., Oakland Ave. Presbyterian, Rock Hill, S. C. "Facing Life's Impossibles." Psa. 61:2—"Lead me to the rock that is too high for me." (Margin R. V.)

WILLIAM A. KEITH, Collegeside, Nashville, Tenn. "Building Your Personal Security." II Tim. 1:14—"Keep the great securities of your faith intact." (Moffatt)

FRED EASTMAN, professor Chicago Theological Seminary. "Choosing Your Memories." Psa. 25:7—"According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me."

LESTER G. SIMON, Tremont Baptist, New York. "Doing the Possible." Mark 14:8—"She hath done what she could."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of Sermon

Text used (write out the text)

Name of minister

Name of church

Address

RAYMOND H. ROSCHE, Bethesda Presbyterian, Philadelphia. "Human Nature Can Be Changed." Jer. 13:23—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" I John 3:2—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

GERALD F. RICHARDSON, College Advent Christian, Aurora, Ill. "The Higher Uses of Memory." II Tim. 2:8—"Remember. . . ."

JOHN K. JOHNSON, First Presbyterian, Pulaski, Tenn. "Fifty Per Cent Religion." Psa. 119:113—"I hate men who are half and half." (Moffatt)

FRIDOLIN TSCHUDY, Evangelical and Reformed, Jacksonville, Fla. "Christianity's Skyline." Acts 26:19—"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

HAROLD A. PRUYN, Fairview Methodist, Altoona, Pa. "Discontented Content." Phil. 4:11—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

CLARENCE F. AVEY, South St. Methodist, Lynn, Mass. "Redigging Our Fathers' Wells." (Aldersgate Anniversary sermon.) Gen. 26:18, 21, 22—"And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father. . . . And he digged another well."

ALVA I. COX, Parkwood-Asbury, Cleveland, O. "When Speech Is Golden." Eph. 4:29—"No bad words must ever pass your lips, but only words that are good and suited to improve the occasion." (Goodspeed)

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT proposes that he be given four and a half billion dollars with which to prime the pump again. The six billions or so previously spent brought a little prosperity water out of the spout, but the flow ceased last year, and the pump appears to be even dryer than when Mr. Hoover had his hands on the handle. The President is in a predicament. Elections are near. If he does what his critics demand and lets business alone, and if business recovers, the whole New Deal loses face. If there is to be any recovery it must be made to appear, at least, to be the result of New Deal policy. Therefore a great spending spree is necessary. I am not excitedly opposed to this pump-priming policy, even though I expect nothing from it. Unlike most people with whom I talk, I do not know how to solve the economic problem. I have grave doubts that Mr. Roosevelt knows how to solve it, and I am dead sure that his bourgeois critics do not know how to solve it. If we could recover, let us say, the Coolidge "prosperity," it would not satisfy the industrial workers of the country: they would be on strike instantly for a larger share in the benefits. And so "prosperity" would be wrecked. It's this pesky demand of millions of human beings to have a fairer share in the goods of life that makes the fundamental problem. At any rate the President has solved nothing yet, and if his critics were in his place they would be driven to do exactly what he is doing—or lose the next election! In which case, Mr. Roosevelt's crowd would be in again! Maybe the whole system is incurable.

The President's New Spending Program

The Book of the Month

THE OXFORD BOOKS, *11 volumes. Willett, Clark & Company. $2 each.*

STANDING on my desk before me in an orderly array are the eleven books issued by the Oxford Conference of last summer. I have set them up so, just to look at them while I write. They have but lately come from the press, and two or three have not yet been released for publication. As I look at them they seem to assume the shape of a bridge. And that is what they are—a bridge between one theological epoch and another. We have not had many first-rank books on Christian faith since the fifty authors of these books were conscripted to plough the field in preparation for the Oxford Conference. And I feel safe in predicting that only when the full significance of those eleven books is taken into account shall we begin to have a new crop of first-rank books on the Christian faith. That is why I have arranged them as a kind of bridge. I can only give some of their titles: "The Christian Understanding of Man," "The Church and Its Function in Society," "The Christian Faith and the Common Life," "The Church and Education," "Church and Community," "The Universal Church and the World of Nations," and four others. You have here no dry-as-dust theological doctrine, but a treatment of the great practical aims of Christianity in the light of their theological background. Here is a theology of the economic order; a theology of education; a theology of man; a theology of the church; a theology of the common life; a theology of the world of nations. This is the best way to get our theology—in close connection with life! Dr. Oldham, the inspiring genius behind the Oxford Conference, told me three years before it met that the greatest thing to come out of the conference would be the books. Well, here they are, and I can say that any minister who spends the summer reading them will come up to his pulpit next fall a new man.

A Thought for the Month

WHAT fills our modern work-world with such tragedy is the fact that a man's work cannot be grasped vividly in his imagination. The ends for which he toils are so remote and so impersonal that his load of labor is unlightened by an awareness of the purpose for which the work is being done. Work is never hard when it is meaningful. It is never hard when it is done for the love of someone. And the capacity of the human spirit and the human flesh for intense activity and patient burden bearing is almost limitless when some high ideal or exalted purpose actuates it. But our mass production and mass distribution system leaves the worker too much in a routine or a treadmill of sheer activity. True, he may be able to translate his work into terms of his livelihood, or his wife's medical care, or his children's education, but surely it is the divine will that a man's work shall be inherently and immediately worth while, and that he shall do it not merely in the sweat of his brow but, in some degree, "for the joy of the working." Recall the legend of the three masons working on the stone. They were approached by a man who asked each of them in succession, "What are you doing?" "I am cutting stone," replied the first. "I am earning a living," said the second. But the third answered, "I am building a cathedral." It makes all the difference in the world whether we are able to carry our imagination into our work and see not merely the hard substance upon which we toil, or the indirect use to which we can put our wage, but the meaning which the forthputting of our energy has in actual human welfare. Happy are those men and women whose labor is intrinsically connected with human good. Such fortunate ones are called upon to make the kind of world in which their good fortune may be the fortune of all.

Working With One's Imagination

Charles Clayton Morrison

WILLETT-CLARK Books for Ministers

The Minister's Professional Library

Five volumes have been published to date. Others will follow from time to time.

NOW PUBLISHED

The Minister's Job:
By ALBERT W. PALMER

This book is for ministers who wish to "keep growing," also for young men preparing for or just entering the ministry. Chapters on the Minister as Preacher, Priest, Counselor, Teacher, Human Being. Also chapters on the Training of the Minister, the Minister's Wife, etc. **$1.25**

The Use of the Bible in Preaching:
By CARL S. PATTON

Dr. Patton shows "how we may make alive an old story by pouring it into a new mold." This book makes clear how biblical criticism has made it possible to use Bible materials—especially of the Old Testament—with increased effectiveness. Some "sample" sermons are included. **$2.00**

The Preparation and Delivery of Sermons:
By CARL S. PATTON

Into this volume Dr. Patton has poured the wisdom he has gained through many years of experience as a minister of important churches and as a teacher of homiletics. Some themes discussed: Choice of subjects; proper and improper material for sermons; illustrations; sermon series: controversial sermons; use of manuscript, etc. **$2.00**

The Business Administration of a Church
By ROBERT CASHMAN

Mr. Cashman is business manager of the Chicago Theological Seminary and also instructor there in the field of church administration. Chapters on Church Organization, Church Finance, Christian Stewardship, Advertising and Publicity, Files and Records, etc. "A gold mine," says Albert Buckner Coe of this book. **$1.50**

Plain Thoughts on Worship
By EDWIN A. GOLDSWORTHY

The minister of First Baptist Church, Rahway, N. J., reveals how worship can be lifted out of the conventional, by subtle technical methods, to sweep the congregation into vibrant communication with God. **$1.50**

Here Stand I!
By MARTIN NIEMOELLER

32 sermons which, by their presentation of a gospel that *must be obeyed* in the face of principalities and powers, brought Christianity's great modern hero to imprisonment. **$2.00**

The Acts of the Apostles in Present-Day Preaching
By HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

Dr. Luccock of Yale goes through the Book of Acts, text by text, and with the aid of the new translations makes this old book glow with new meaning. **$1.50**

50 Sermon-Talks for Boys and Girls
By CARL S. WEIST

These sermons are the ones that have been best liked by the children who heard them. **$1.50**

For Memorial Sunday

100 Poems of Peace
Compiled by THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

The poems you are continually looking for to illuminate your sermons on peace. **$1.25**

Religion Renounces War
By WALTER W. VAN KIRK

Brings together the pronouncements of the various churches on war and peace. **$2.00**

Realistic Pacifism
By LEYTON RICHARDS

A flood of light on the minister's present problem: what to do, as a Christian, in the face of the new war paganism. **$2.00**

WILLETT, CLARK & CO.
440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Please send me your latest catalog and put my name on your list for all future announcements of new books of interest to ministers. Send me the following books:

_____

_____

_____

☐ Check herewith. ☐ Send bill.

_____

My Name_____

Address_____

WILLETT, CLARK & CO. 440 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO
35 E. 20TH ST., NEW YORK